By MARK TWAIN. ACTROR OF "INNOCENTS ABROAD," "TOR SAWTER," " SUCCELE-

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CHAPTER XXIV. (Continued.)

Sally had also a chance to do another thing. That was, to make up her mind that life was not worth living upon the present terms. If she must give up her impostor and die, doubt-less she must submit; but might she not lay her whole case before some disinterested person first, and see if there wasn't perhaps some saving way over the matter? She turned this idea over in her mind a good deal. In her first visit with Hawkins after her parents were gone the talk fell upon Tracy, and she was impelled to set her case before the statesman and take his counsel. So she poured out her heart, and he listened with painful solicitude. She concluded pleadingly with:

Don't tell me he is an impostor. I suppose he is, but doesn't it look to you as if he isn't? You are cool, you know, and outside, and so maybe it can look to you as if he isn't one. when it can't to me. Doesn't it look to you as If he isn't? Couldn't you-can't it look to you that way-for-for my sake?"

The poor man was troubled, but he felt obliged to keep in the neighborhood of the truth. He fought around the present detail a little while, then gave it up and said he couldn't really see his way to clearing Tracy. 'No," he said, "the truth is he's an im

That is, you you feel a little certain, but not entirely oh, not entirely. Mr. Hawkins."
"It's a pity to have to say it—I do hate to say t-but I don't think anything about it, I know he's an impostor."

far. A body can't really know it, you know. It isn't proved he's not what he says he is." Should be come out and make a clean breast of the whole wretched business? Yes-at least the most of it-it ought to be done. So he set his teeth, and went to the matter with determination, but purposing to spare the girl one pain-that of knowing that Tracy was a

"Oh, now, Mr. Hawkins, you can't go that

"Now I am going to tell you a plain tale; one not pleasant for me to tell or for you to hear, out we've got to stand it. I know all about that fellow, and I know he's no earl's son," The girl's eyes finshed and she said: 'I don't care a snap for that-go on."

This was so wholly unexpected that it at once obstructed the narrative; Hawkins was not sure he had heard aright. He said: "I don't know that I quite understand. De you mean to say that if he was all right and

proper otherwise you'd be indifferent about the earl part of the business?"

"You'd be entirely satisfied with him, and wouldn't care for his not being an earl's sonthat being an earl's son wouldn't add any value

"Not the least value that I would care for. Why, Mr. Hawkins, I've gotten over all that day-dreaming about earldoms and aristocracles and all such nonsense, and am become just a plain, ordinary nobody, and content with it; and it is to him I owe my cure. And as to anything being able to add a value to him. nothing can do that. He is the whole world to me, just as he is: he comprehends all the values there are—then how can you add one?" She's pretty far gone," he said to himself. He continued, still to himself: "I must change my plan again: I can't seem to strike one that will stand the requirements of this most variegated emergency five minutes on a stretch. Without making this fellow a criminal, I be lieve I will invent a name and character for him calculated to disenchant her. If it fails to do it then I'll know that the next rightest thing to do will be to help her to her fate, poor

Well, Gwebdolen-" "I want to be called Sally." "I'm glad of it. I like it better. Well, I'll tell you about this man Snodgrass." Snodgrass! Is that his name?

thing, not hinder her." Then he said aloud:

"Yes-Snodgrass. The other's his nom de "It's hideous!" "I know it is, but we can't help our names."

"And that is truly his real name-and not Howard Tracy?" Hawkins answered regretfully: []

Yes it sagnes a nite The girl sampled the name musingly.

Snodgrass, Snodgrass. No. I could not endure that. I could not got used to it. No. I should call him by his first name. What is his

"His-er-his initials are S. M." "His initials? I don't care anything about his initials. I can't call him by his initials. What do they stand for ?" Well, you see his father was a physician.

and he-he-well he was an idolater of his profession, and he-well, he was a very eccentric man, and---"What do they stand for! What are you

shuffing about?" "They-well, they stand for Spinal Meningitis. His father being a phy-"I never heard such an infamous name!

Nobody can ever call a person that-a person they love. I wouldn't call an enemy by such a name. It sounds like an epithet." After a moment, she added with a kind of consterna tion, "Why, it would be my name! Letters would come with it on." "Yes-Mrs. Spinal Meningitis Snodgrass."

Don't repeat it-don't; I can't hear it. Was the father a lunatic?" "No, that is not charged."

"I am glad of that, because that is transmissible. What do you think was the matter with hlm, then ?" "Well, I don't really know. The family used

to run a good deal to idiots, and so, maybe--" "Oh, there isn't any maybe about it. This ".tcibi na anw eno "Well, yes-he could have been. He was

suspected." "Suspected!" said Sally with irritation. "Would one suspect there was going to be a dark time if he saw the constellations fall

out of the sky? But that is enough about the idiot. I don't take any interest in idiots; tell me about the son." Very well, then; this one was the oldest, but not the favorite. His brother, Zylobal-

Wait-give me a chance to realize that. It is perfectly stupefying. Zylo-what did you "Zylobalsamum."

"I never heard such a name. It sounds like "No. I don't think it's a disease. It's either

scriptural or-" "Well, it's not scriptural." "Then it's anatomical. I knew it was one

or the other. Yes, I remember now, it is anatomical. It's a ganglion, a nerve centre-it is what is called the zylobalsamum process." "Well, go on; and if you come to any more of them, omit the names; they make one feel

so uncomfortable." Very well, then. As I said, this one was not a favorite in the family, and so he was neglected in every way, never sent to school. siways allowed to associate with the worst and coarsest characters, and so of course he he has grown up a rude, vulgar, ignorant, dis-sipated ruman, and—"

"He? It's no such thing! You ought to be more generous than to make such a statement as that about a poor young stranger whowho-why, he is the very opposite of that! He is considerate, courteous, obliging, modest, gentle, refined, cultivated-oh, for shame!

how can you say such things about him?" "I don't blame you, Sally—indeed, I haven't a word of blame for you for being blinded by your affection—blinded to these minor defects which are so manifest to others, who

"Minor defects? Do you call these minor defects? What are murder and arrow, pray?"
"It is a difficult question to answer straight

off, and of course estimates of such things vary with environment. With us, out our way, hey would not necessarily attract as much atention as with you, yet they are often regarded with disapproval-"Murder and arson are regarded with dis-

approval? Oh, frequently," "With disapproval! Who are those puritans you are talking about? But wait-how do you know so much about this family?

did you get all this hearsay evidence?" Sally, it isn't hearsay. That is the serious part of it. I knew that family personally." This was a surprise. You? You actually knew them?"

"Knew Zylo, as we used to call him, and knew his father, Dr. Spodgrass. I didn't know your own Snodgrass, but have had glimpses of him from time to time, and I heard about him all the time. He was the common talk, you see, on account of his---

"On account of his not being a houseburner or an assassin. I suppose. That would have made him commonplace. Where did you know hose people ?" "In Cherokee Strip."

'Oh, how preposterous! There are not enough people in Cherokee Strip to give any body a reputation, good or bad. There isn't a quorum. Why the whole population consist of a couple of wagon loads of horse thieves." Hawkins answered placidly:

Our friend was one of those wagon loads. Sally's eyes burned and her breath came quick and fast, but she kept a fairly good gri on her anger and did not let it get the advantage of her tongue. The statesman sat still and waited for developments. He was content with his work. It was as handsome piece of diplomatic art as he had ever turned out, he thought; and now, let the girl make her own choice. He judged she would let her spectre go; he hadn't a doubt of it; but any way, let the choice be made, and he was read; to ratify it and offer no further hindrance. Meanwhile Sally had thought and made u

her mind. To the Major's disappointment the verdict was against him. Sally said:
"He has no friend but me, and I will not desert him now. I will not marry him if his mora! character is bad; but if he can prove that it isn't I will-and he shall have the chance. To me be seems utterly good and dear: I have never seen anything about him

that looked otherwise-except, of course, his calling himself an earl's son. Maybe that is only vanity, and no real harm, when you ge to the bottom of it. I do not believe he is any such person as you have painted him. I want you to find him and send him to me. I will implore him to be honest with me and tell me the whole truth, and not be afraid."

"Very well; if that is your decision I will do it. But, Sally, you know he's poor and—"
"Oh, I don't care about that. That's neither here nor there. Will you bring him to me?"
"I'll do it. When?"

"Oh, dear, it's getting toward dark now, and so you'll have to put it off. But you will find iim in the morning, won't you? promise." "I'll have him here by daylight."

Oh, now you're your own old self againand lovelier than ever." "I couldn't ask fairer than that. Good-by

Sally mused a moment alone, then said ear nestly, "I love him in spite of his name," and went about her affairs with a light heart.

CHAPTER XXV.

Hawkins went straight to the telegraph office and disburdened his conscience. He said to himself. "She's not going to give this galvanized cadaver up, that's plain. horses can't pull her away from him. I've done my share; it's for Sellers to take an innings now." So he sent this message to New York: Come back. Hire a special train. She's going to narry the materializee.

Meantime a note came to Rossmore Towers to say that the Earl of Rossmore had just arrived from England, and would do himself the pleasure of calling. Sally said to herself: "It's a pity he didn't stop in New York; but It's no matter; he can go up to-morrow and

see my father: he has come over here to tomahawk papa very likely, or buy out his claim This thing would have excited me a while back, but it has only one interest for me now, and only one value. I can say-to-to-Spine Spiny, Spinal-I don't like any form of that name! I can say to him to-morrow: Don't try to keep it up any more or I shall have to tell you whom I have been talking with last night. and then you will be embarrassed." Tracy couldn't know he was to be invited for

he morrow, or he might have waited. As it was, he was too miserable to wait any longer for his last hope-a letter-had failed him. It was fully due to-day; it had not come. Had his father really flung him away? It looked so. It was not like his father. but it surely looked so. His father was a rather tough nut, in truth, but had never been so with his son; still, this implacable silence had a calamitous look. Any way, Tracy would go to the Towers and-then what? He didn't know: his head was tired out with thinking-he wouldn't think about what he must do or say: let it all take care of itself. So that he saw Sally he would be satisfied;

happen what might, he wouldn't care. He hardly knew how he got to the Towers, o when. He knew and cared for only one thinghe was alone with Sally. She was kind, she was gentle, there was moisture in her eves and a yearning something in her face and manner which she could not wholly hide; but she kept her distance. They talked. By and by she said, watching his downcast counte-nance out of the corner of her eye:

"It's so lonesome-with papa and mamma gone. I try to read, but I can't seem to get in-terested in any book. I try the newspapers, but they do put such rubbish in them. You take up a paper and start to read something you think's interesting, and it goes on and on and on about how somebody—well, Dr. Snodgrass, for instance---

Not a movement from Tracy, not the quiver of a musele. Saily was amazed-what com-mand of himself he must have. Being disconcerted, she paused so long that Tracy presently looked up wearily and said:

"Oh, I thought you were not listening. Yes. it goes on and on about this Dr. Snodgrass till you are so tired, and then about his younger son-the favorite son-Zylobalsamum Snod-

Not a sign from Tracy, whose head was drooping again. What supernatural self-possession. Sally fixed for eye on him and began again, resolved to blast him out of his serenity this time if she knew how to apply the dynamite that is concealed in certain forms of words when those words are properly loaded

with unexpected meanings.
"And next it goes on and on and on about the cidest son—not the favorite, this one—and how he is neglected in his poor barren boyhood, and allowed to grow up unschooled, ignorant, coarse, vulgar, the comrade of the community's scum, and become in his completed manhood a rude, profane, dissipated ruffian--"

That head still drooped! Sally rose, moved softly and solemnly a step or two and stood be fore Tracy-his head came slowly up, his meek eyes met her intense ones-then she finished with deep impressiveness:

"-named Spinal Meningitis Snodgrass."
Tracy merely exhibited signs of increased fatigue. The girl was outraged by this iron indifference and callousness, and cried out:
"What are you made of?" "I? Why?"

"Haven't you any sensitiveness? Don't these things touch any poor remnant of delicato feeling in you?" "N-no," he said, wonderingly, "they don't

seem to. Why should they?" "Oh. dear me, how can you look so innocent and foolish and good and empty and gentle. and all that, right in the hearing of such things as those! Look me in the eye-straight in the eye. There; now, then, answer me without a flinch. Isn't Dr. Snodgrass your father, and isn't Zylobolsamum your brother?" - (Here Hawkins was about to enter the room,

mind upon hearing but changed his these words and elected for a wall town, and so glided swiftly away.) "And isn't your name Spinal Meningitis. and isn't your father a doctor and an idlot, like all the family for generations, and doesn't he name all his children after poisons and postileness and abnormal anatomica eccentricities of the human body? Answer me, some way or somehow-and quick. Wh lo you sit there, looking like an envelope with out any address on it, and see me going mad ofore your face with suspense!

"Oh, I wish I could do-do-I wish I could do something-anything that would give you peace again and make you happy; but I know of nothing—I know of no way. I never heard of these awful people before." What? Say It again!"

"I have never never in my life till now."
"Oh, you do look so honest when you say that! It must be true; surely you couldn't look that way, you wouldn't look that way if it vere not true, would you?" "I couldn't and wouldn't. It is true. Oh, let

us end this suffering. Take me back into your heart and confidence-"Wait-one more thing. Tell me you told that falsehood out of mere vanity and are sorry for it; that you are not expecting to ever

wear the coronet of an earl--"
"Truly I am cured-cured this very dayam not expecting it!" O, now you are mine! I've got you back in the beauty and glory of your unsmirched poverty and your honorable obscurity, and nobody shall ever take you from me again but the grave! And if--"

De Earl of Rossmore, from Englan'!" "My father!" The young man released the girl and hung his head.

The old gentleman stood surveying the couple-the one with a strongly complimentary right eye, the other with a mixed expression done with the left. This is difficult, and not often resorted to. Presently his face relaxed into a kind of constructive gentleness and he said to his son:

Don't you think you could embrace me.

The young man did it with alacrity. Then you are the son of an earl, after all?" said Sally, reproachfully. " Yes, I-"Then I won't have you!"

"O, but you know-

No. I will not. You've told me another fib. "She's right. Goaway and leave us. I want to talk with her. Berkeley was obliged to go. But he did not go far. He remained on the premises. At

midnight the conference between the old gentleman and the young girl was still going blithely on, but it presently drew to a close and the former said: "I came all the way over here to inspect you my dear, with the general idea of breaking off

this match if there were two fools of you, but as there's only one, you can have him if you'll "Indeed I will, then! May I kiss you?" "You may. Thank you. Now you shall have

that privilege whenever you are good." Meantime Hawkins had long ago returned and slipped up to the laboratory. He was rather disconcerted to find his late invention, odgrass, there. The news was told him that the English Rossmore was come, "and I'm his son. Viscount Berkeley, not Howard Tracy any more."

Hawkins was aghast. He said: "Good gracious, then you're dead !" "Dead?"

"Yes, you are—we've got your ashes." 'Hang those ashes, I'm tired of them; I'll ive them to my father."

Slowly and painfully the statesman worked the truth into his head that this was really a flesh and blood young man, and not the un substantial resurrection he and Sellers had so ong supposed him to be. Then he said with feeling:

"I'm so glad; so glad on Sally's account, poor thing. We took you for a departed materialized bank thief from Tahlequah. This will be a heavy blow to Sellers." Then he explained the whole matter to

Berkeley, who said: "Well, the claimant must manage to stand the blow, severe as it is. But he'll get over the disappointment. "Who-the Colonel? He'll get over it the

minute he invents a new miracle to take its place. And he's already at it by this time. But look here—what do you suppose became of the man you've been representing?"
"I don't know. I saved his clothes—it was all I could do. I am afraid he lost his life."

Well, you must have found twenty or thirty "No. only five hundred and a trifle. I bor rowed the trifle and banked the five hundred."

What'll we do about it?" "Return it to the owner." 'It's easy said, but not easy to manage Let's leave it alone till we get Sellers's advice. And that reminds me. I've got to run and meet Sellers and explain who you are not and who you are, or he'll come thundering in here to stop his daughter from marrying a phantom. But-suppose your father come over here to break off the match?"

'Well, isn't he down stairs getting acquainted with Saily? That's all safe." So Hawkins departed to meet and prepare

the Sellerses. Rossmore Towers saw great times and late hours during the succeeding week. The two earls were such opposites in nature that they fraternized at once. Sellers said privately that Rossmore was the most extraordinary character he had ever met-a man just made out of the condensed milk of human kindness, yet with the ability to totally hide the fact from any but the most practised character reader; a man whose whele being was sweetness, patience, and charity, yet with a cunning so profound, an ability so marvellous in the acting of a double part, that many a person of intelligence might live with him for centuries and never suspect

the presence in him of these characteristics. Finally there was a quiet wedding at the Embassy, with the militin and the fire brigades and the temperauca, organizations on hand in torchlight procession; as at first proposed by one of the earls. The set firm and Barrow were present at the wedding, and the tinner and Puss had been invited, but the tinner was ill and Puss was mursing him for they were

engaged. The Sellerses were to go to England with their new allies for a brief visit, but when it was time to take the train from Washington the Colonel was missing. Hawkins was going as far as New York with the party, and said he would explain the matter on the road. The explanation was in a letter left by the Colonel in Hawkins's hands. In it he promised to join Mrs. Sellers later, in England, and then went

"The truth is, my dear Hawkins, a mighty idea has been born to me within the hour, and I must not even stop to say good-by to my dear ones. A man's highest duty takes precedence of all minor ones, and must be attended to with his best promptness and energy, at whatsoever cost to his affections or his conveni-ence. And first of all a man's duties is his duty to his own honor; he must keep that spotless. Mine is threatened. When I was eeling sure of my imminent future solidity. I forwarded to the Czar of Russia, perhaps prematurely, an offer for the purchase of Siberia, naming a vast sum. Since then an which I was expecting to acquire this moneymaterialization upon a scale of limitless magnitude-is marred by a taint of temporary uncertainty. His imperial Majesty may accept my offer at any moment. If this should occur now, I should find myself painfully embarrassed, in fact, financially inadequate. I could not take Siberja. This would become known, and my credit would suffer.

"Recently my private hours have been dark indeed, but the sun shines again now. I see my way. I shall be able to meet my obliga-tions, and without having to ask an extension of the stipulated time. I think. This grand

new idea of mine-the sublimest I have ever conceived—will save me whole, I am sure. I am leaving for San Francisco this moment to test it by the help of the great Lick telesco Like all of my more notable discoveries and inventions it is based upon hard, practical scientific laws. All other bases are unsound,

and hence untrustworthy. "In brief, then, I have conceived the stupendous idea of reorganizing the climates of the earth according to the desire of the populations interested. That is to say, I will furnish climates to order, for cash or negotiable paper, taking the old climates in part payment, of course, at a fair discount, where they are in condition to be repaired at small cost and let out for hire to poor and remote communities not able to afford a good climate, and not earing for an expensive one for mere display. My studies have convinced me that the regulation of climates and the breeding of new varieties at will from the old stock is a feasible thing. Indeed, I am convinced that it has been done before; done in prehistoric times by now forgotten and unrecorded civilizations. Everywhere I find hoary evidence of artificial manipulation of climates in bygone times Take the glacial period. Was that produced by accident? Not at all; it was done for money. I have a thousand proofs of it, and will some day reveal them.
"I will confide to you an outline of my idea.

It is to utilize the spots on the sun: get control of them, you understand, and apply the stupendous energies which they wield to beneficent purposes in the reorganizing of our climates. At present they merely make trouble and do harm in the evoking of cyclones and other kinds of electric storms; but once under humane and intelligent control this will ease and they will become a boon to man. "I have my plan all mapped out, whereby I hope and expect to acquire complete and perfect control of the sun spots, also details

of the method whereby I shall employ the ame commercially; but I will not venture to go into particulars before the patents shall have been issued. I shall hope and expect to sell shop rights to the minor countries at a reasonable figure, and supply a good busiess article of climate to the great empires at special rates, together with fancy brands for coronations, buttles, and other great and particular occasions. There are billions of money in this enterprise, no expensive plant is required, and I shall begin to realize in a few days-in a few weeks at furthest. I shall stand result to pay each for Sibedia the ment it is delivered, and thus save my honor

and my credit. I am confident of this, 'I would like you to provide a proper outfit and start north as soon he I telegraph you, be it night or be it day. I wish you to take up all the country stretching away from the north pole on all sides for many degrees south, and buy Greenland and Iceland at the best figure you can get now while they are cheap. It is my intention to move one of the tropics up there and transfer the frigid zone to the equator. I will have the entire arctic circle in the market as a summer resort next year, and will use the surplusage of the old climate, over and above what can be utilized on the equator. to reduce the temperature of opposition re sorts. But I have said enough to give you an idea of the prodigious nature of my scheme, and the feasible and enormously profitable character of it. I shall join all you happy people in England as soon as I shall have sold out some of my principal climates, and arranged with the Czar about Siberia.

Meantime, watch for a sign from me. Eight days from now we shall be wide asunder, for I shall be on the border of the Pacific and you far out on the Atlantic, approaching England. That day, if I am alive, and my sublime discovery is proved and established. I will send you greeting, and my messenger shall deliver t where you are, in the solitudes of the sea: for I will waft a vast sun spot across the disk like drifting smoke, and you will know it for my love sign, and will say 'Mulberry Sellers throws us a kiss across the universe."

[THE END.]

MR. GLAVE'S WORK IN ALASKA. His Efforts Last Summer to Discover

Mr. E. J. Glave, who went to Alaska last sum mer to continue his explorations there, did some excellent work with a very small equipment and at slight expense. Glave was born for just that kind of service. Stanley made him well known to all students of exploration by the well-descrived compliments he paid him in his "Founding of the Congo Free State." Glave went to the Congo when little There were tuity-six men in the party as it. up and down that river, occupying positions of great responsibility, and discharging all diffles

Selection for the through the property of the

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. Who Took Old John Swanton's 89 Gold From the Cavern !

Oppright, 1892.
In the year 1800—and some of you will no doubt remember it—the newspapers had many paragraphs concerning old John Swanton o reston, In. He was an old bachelor (8) years old, living on a small farm soven miles from the town of Creston, and he had neither kith nor kin in America. In January of the year named he received a legacy from England. I have heard the sum named as low as \$50,000 and as high as \$50,000, but I have the best of reasons for believing that the exact figures were \$200,000. He got his drafts cashed in Chicago, and he would take nothing but gold. This money he shipped

spect the contents of the boxes. It got into the papers, and no doubt more than one gang of robbers laid plans to get hold of the money. To prevent being despoiled and perhaps murdered, the old man surrounded himself with ten large and savage dogs, and he armed the house with half a dozen guns. After he got the dogs no one dared enter upon his premises, and on several occasions travellers on the highway were attacked. Litigation resulted, and the old man became disgusted and indignant and left the State. One would naturally have expected him to go East. and perhaps to England, where he could have fully enjoyed his handsome fortune, but what did he do but head for the West! He bought a span of horses and a covered wagon, loaded up his few household goods, and taking seven of his ten dogs along he made his way to Council Bluffs to join an emigrant party. He had his boxes of gold in the wagon, and people along his route in Iowa turned out to gaze at his outfit as it passed. Here and there he even permitted strangers to look at the gold. It has always been if wonder that he was not robbed, but perhaps those who would have entered into such a scheme did not credit the

stories affort, and regarded him as a boaster

or a lunatic.

Swanton joined a caray in bound to Califor-nia. I had relatives in the band, and therefore can state that the party had not been out two days before every one in it knew of the gold. Many efforts were made to persuade the old man to return to civilization, but he was as obstinate as a mule. He didn't intend to go to California, but to stop whenever the country suited him. There was hardly a tribe of Indians not on the warpath against the whites, and there was no spot where Swanon would be safe for a day. Arguments proved useless, however, and he accompanied the party for many weeks. When it had reached a point about fifty miles from the South Pass, n the Wind River mountains of Wyoming. the old man found a spot to suit him and annour e d that he would go no further. The party numbered 126 people, of whom 48 were men. They had been attacked by Indians no ess than eight times en route, and had had three men killed and four wounded. They were now in a country occupied and overrun with hostile red men, and a halt was made for one day in hopes to persuade Swanton to keep on. He was as thickheaded and mulish as ever, and next day was left to his fate. Perhaps he should have been forced to go on, but there was trouble enough from the Indians without creating more in the party. He would not have gone except as a prisoner

The last white man who saw old John Swanton alive was the guide of the party, whose name was McCall. He rode back a distance of two miles to recover some article left behind, and he found the old man turning his horses out to graze and looking for a site for a cabin. To a last invitation to accompany the party he waved his hand and shouted a good-by.

It was in the spring of 1861 when the story got back to Council Bluffs. The war had then fairly begun and was exciting the country. and two or three expeditions which were planned to learn the old man's fate were abar doned. At no time, to n 1801 to 1866, could s party have reached the spot where he halted. as the emboldened Indians had regained over 200 miles of lost frontier and were unusually vigilant. Meanwhile the story had gone to England, where Swanton had relatives, and in March, 1836, Jackson Thomas, acting for the next of kin, arrived at St. Joseph to organize a party to light its way to the spot and settle There were thitty-six men in the party as it finally g t away, and all except Thomas were veteran cavairymen of the war. The leader was an ex-Confederate captain named Wakefield, and we were under strict military discipline from the first. Each man furnished his

the entrance to the pass I saw that some let-ters had been cut into the stone. We could not make them out until we had brought water and washed the rock. Then we deciphered the following:

The letters "J. 8," doubtless stood for John Swanton, but it was some time before we could decide on the meaning of "2d—160," "I-stee we're three small and narrow ravines running off the main bass, and so we concluded that he meant second ravine and 100 feet or pages. The hand certainly pointed down the pass, and the deliar marks stood for money. There was nothing else—recks, trees, hills or stumps—which we could make "2d" out of, and so we went down the pass and turned into the second ravine. We had the clew! Un the face of the cliff, as high as an ordinary man could reach, were three \$8.5, which had been cut by the same hand as the other.

The ravine was dark and lonely, and not over four feet wide. In the rainy season it was a water course; in the dry, a capital retreat for roptiles and animals. We had to light torches to make our way, and as we slowly advanced we measured off as near as could be 100 feet. The old man had meant feet. Right there was a natural cavern in the right-hand wall, and we had no sooner thrust a torch into its mouth than I caught sight of gold pieces. On the rocky floor lay three twenty and two live-dollar pieces, and as we pieked them up we realized that we had the treasure at last. But had we' Alas' no. Old Swanton carried his gold in six sheet iron boxes, each one of which was a smartilift for an ordinary man. There they lay in the cavern an ordinary man. There they lay in the cavern always nelicered that after a few weeks of his isolated life he could stand it no longer, and me in sheet fron boxes and buried in his cellar. He was a loquacious old man, and he made no secret of his wealth. On two occasions he invited friends in and let them in-

How had it been with the oil man? I have always believed that after a few weeks of his isolated life be could stand it no longer, and so made ready to set out on his return to civilization. He had eached his money, expecting to return for ft, and he had wisely left marks by which it could be found in case he sent others. Belowe he could get away he had been attacked. He was killed, but where or how has never been accirtained. Who got his money? Not the Indians, as no gold was in circulation among them when peace came, and their finding ft wittent a case could hardly be considered. White men then; but who? No expeditions had been organized anywhere along the border, nor was hunter or trapner ever subsequently discovered to be flush with money. It would have required at least three pack animals to carry the coin; but at what point had they struck civilization on their resurr? Also, how could they have kept the flust so quiet? find so quiet?
I ask you these questions. I have asked

then of myself until weary. Some one got that golden treasure, but no further facts will ever be known. Hundreds of Irdians have been suited as to the fate of old man Swanton, but not one has ever furnished any information.

The Boar of Great Gars. Here are two field tatteries-12, C. and C counders in all-firing as rapidly as they can be loaded. The reports blend into a roar, and

you must raise your voice as if a hurricane was howling about you. You are not impressed, but rather aggravated and annoyed.

HE WAS A MARRYING MAN.

REMARKABLE CAREER OF A ONE ARMED BUT PLAUSIBLE THIER.

there is Reason to Belleve that Dean, Lane. don, Torner, or Benton is the James Taylor Whose Career of Marrying and Swinding is Temporarily Interrupted by a Present Imprisonment in the Tombe.

A few days after an article appeared in The Sun of March 16 about James Paylor, the one-armed man who married eight women and fleeced them all, being finally brought up with a round turn at Jefferson Market Court for steading Secto from Mrs. Henrietta Taylor, formerly Miss Cost a of 51 West Twenty-first street, whom he married on Nov. 21, 1801, and then deserted, The Sun received a letter from J. B. Dean, President of the Cheshire White Quartz Sand Company of Cheshire, Mass., enclosing a photograph and a specimen of the handwriting of a man whom Mr. Dean, after reading THE SUN of March 16, concluded was the same James Taylor. This man called himself Gen. Dean in 1865, when Mr. J. P. Dean knew him, and, allowing for the difference of nearly thirty years. the handwriting and picture constitute almost positive proof of the identity of the man. It has already been told how Taylor married one woman in Chicago, six to Pennsylvania, and one in this city, her ides having engaged himself to at least three more, and now, Mr. Dean adds what is probably one of the earliest chapters in a life more full of romance and adven-

ture than that of most men.
One day in May, 1865, Mr. J. B. Dean, then a mill owner in Cheshire, Mass., was sitting in his mill when a one-armed man entered and ntroduced himself as Dr. John Dean. He said that he was a wealthy landowner in Michigan. hat tiring of his quiet life there he had become a sailor, and when the civil war broke out had enlisted in the Union army, and served until he lost his arm at the battle of Lookout Mountain.

"Never having seen a man before," writes Mr. J. B. Dean, "who was in that battle, I asked him how they got the artillery up so high a mountain, and he said they hoisted it up with derricks. I believed that then, The stranger told Mr. Dean that he had

come to Massachusetts in search of some relalives named Dean, whereupon the Cheshirs man said that they were undoubtedly cousins, and invited the one-armed Doctor, to stay at his house, an invitation promptly accepted. The Doctor during the taken pains to show a pocketbook well stuffed with bills. While in Cheshire the Doctor wrote

was howling about you. You are not not impersed, but rather aggravated and annoyed. There is a snap to each reportlike the cacking of a great whip—a spiteful sound which reminds you of a dog following at your heels with his velicity pelicyled.

There is no more trying situation for a solder than to be lying down in support of a battery. He is only a few yards in front of the guns, and he not only feels the full force of the concussion as communicated to the earth, from the "kick" of the gun, but the report itself seems to strike the spinal your nerves on edge and your tempers and this a positive relief to see a column of the enemy break cover for a charge. The roar of the guns sloes not lineer for hours after, as is the case with mortras and sleeg guns, but you find your nerves on edge and your temper spidel for a day or two. The men who lay in lines with a battery firing over them probably endured more mental siftering than the energy break cover for a charge. The roar of the guns sloes not lineer for hours after, as is the case with mortras and sleeg guns, but you find your nerves on edge and your temper spidel for a day or two. The men who lay in lines with a battery firing over them probably endured more mental siftering than the energy break the property of the death of the cast in the case of the property and a high-decaree Freu Mason. As the principal was a substitute of the property and a high-decaree Freu Mason. As the principal was a Mason, he received to the cast in the case of the property and a high-decaree Freu Mason. As the principal was a Mason, he received to the cast in the case of the principal was a mason of the principal

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